MODERATION

IS

SALVATION.

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ADDRESSED

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

AT

THE PRESENT SCARCITY.

BY A PLAIN MAN.

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1800.

MODERATION, &c.

HOUSEKEEPERS! allow a Plain Man to ſtate a few Plain Facts.

Truth is of no party, and all Britons are equally intereſted to learn and circulate truth at the preſent critical moment.

THERE are at preſent two opinions prevailing about the CORN OF THIS COUNTRY.

When *corn* is mentioned, the general ſenſe of that word affixes itſelf to our *Wheat*; which allowedly is the moſt important ſpecies of our grain, although it may be impolitic to conſider it as the *ſole* object of our deep concern in the manufacture of *Bread*.

The collected and combined evidences of the beſt informed men, conſulted by the Parliamentary Committee, give us cauſe to ſuppoſe that the rumoured *ſcarcity* of *grain* is a lamentable reality.

The voluntary teſtimony of ſeveral very reſpectable and honourable individuals in ſome degree conſoles us, by an aſſurance that no ſuch *want* prevails.

Let us cautiouſly and circumſpectly ſteer a middle and ſafe courſe between theſe oppoſite points: it is neither the nature of Britons to deſpond nor to be unguarded.

We have been aſſured from very high and well-informed authority, that no ſuch injury to the public as a *monopoly* of grain exiſts: nay, we are farther aſſured, that what is called a a *monopoly, is in fact a benefit,* "*as it aids the deficiency* of the markets in ſome degree, by keeping up a ſteady and regular price."

The following obſervations will ariſe out of theſe ſtatements, and, whether any imputed *improprieties* do or do not exiſt, the precautions now to be recommended will equally ſuit either the *reality* of the charge, or its *futility*.

For example, if we admit that corn *is* hoarded or monopolized, (which ſuppoſition ſeems ſufficiently diſproved before the Committee,) the *moderation* now to be urged will attack in the

the very vitals of his *avarice* and *iniquity* the *guilty hoarder* and *culprit monopoliſt*: it will annihilate his raſcally views of diabolical gain, an infliction of puniſhment to a ſordid monſter more keen and intolerable than the yoke of the pillory, or the accumulated curſes of his countrymen. But, for one moment, on the other hand, allow that the charge is foully groundleſs, and falſely injurious, then muſt, in an allowed proportion, the report of *a ſcarcity* be grounded and juſt, and this ſame *Moderation* in the uſe of *grain* will as beneficially meet the preſſure of the real exigency, as it would defeat the machinations of artful villany.

I ſhall proceed now to ſome plain facts which do not require any nicety of calculation, and which are proveable by even a ſchool-boy's arithmetic.

If you find them irregular, and without much ſyſtem of arrangement, you will accept their uſe inſtead of ornament: if they want embelliſhment and decoration, they will *ſerve the poor* and *ſave the quartern loaf*.

Although what I offer to your peruſal is written in, and pointedly calculated for the

conſideration of the *Capital* and its environs, yet, it will have an influence, I hope, and a circulation both ſalutary and extenſive, not only in our provincial cities, but alſo in the interior receſſes of our remoteſt towns and minuteſt villages.

The drift of this preſent appeal to your good ſenſe and diſcreet reſolutions on the preſent trying emergency is, to explain upon the ſimpleſt principles of clear demonſtration, how eaſy will be the particular regulation in every individual family towards the general œconomy and management of the *national harveſt*. I ſhall therefore proceed to ſome pretty plain facts:

1ſt, BREAD.

I am, like yourſelves, *a houſekeeper*; the ſmalleſt eſtabliſhment (and few are of leſs conſequence than mine) may, perhaps, give a fairer opportunity for prudential experiment in houſehold expenditure than thoſe of a more important and expenſive deſcription.

I live in a ſtreet which contains ſixty houſes, or thereabouts. By the more frequent uſe of vege-

vegetables, and particularly of potatoes, I have been able to reduce my always inconſiderable conſumption of bread *one quartern loaf and a half every week*. Permit me to calculate (and thereby ſave you the trouble) how much that weekly reduction amounts to in a year: I beg to ſtate, that it ſaves *four thouſand ſix hundred and eighty quartern loaves annually* in every ſtreet conſiſting of ſixty houſes.

It is to be remembered, that this calculation is reſtricted merely to the real conſumption of the houſe itſelf, no conſideration of friends and viſitors entering at all into the account; becauſe, as ſuch *viſiting conſumption* is uſually reciprocal, it does not interfere with this eſtimate. Now, if in neighbourhoods of a humility like that from which I write my preſent addreſs, ſo important a *ſaving* can thus demonſtrably be effected within the contracted compaſs of "*every ſixty houſes*," how much more conſiderable muſt the object become when we eſtimate the reſult of ſuch œconomical attention in the magnificent palaces of Piccadilly and Mary-la-bonne, and the wealthy commercial reſidences of London's proud Imperial City.

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The idea (however reaſonable) of making a law to confine the bread to the *wheaten ſtandard*, ſeems to be pretty generally abandoned; and as we are ſtill to be indulged in the, perhaps, unneceſſary luxury of the *loaf* made of the *fineſt flour*, it ſurely becomes more requiſite to ſpare in *quantity*, while we are leſs ſcrupulous in the materials of *quality*.

The very reſpectable authority to which I have before alluded has uſed in his diſtinguiſhed parliamentary capacity ſome very convincing arguments in favour of the uſe of *bread* of a more mixed nature, at leaſt of a more unrefined preparation; and I muſt preſume to add my humble teſtimony in aid of that more valuable opinion, to induce a commendable adoption of what is generally, and with very ſignificant propriety, termed *houſehold bread*. It is aſtoniſhing, at firſt view, to thoſe who have not been in the habit of tracing theſe matters to their ſource, how enormous, and almoſt revolting to ſenſe and credit, ſuch accounts are, as neceſſarily ariſe from a profound examination of the conſumption of *grain* in this extended capital. However, to compreſs into a ſmaller compaſs, and to reſtrain ourſelves to limited and obvious proofs, let us, by way of model

in

in miniature, take a ſketch of the annual conſumption of bread that would have decreaſed the *wheat ſtock* of this iſland by the continuance here of thoſe eight thouſand convention priſoners lately returned to the enemy.

Theſe gentlemen are allowed by their Government, at ſuch times as that Government chuſes to pay for their ſupport in this country, and to affix the quantity, *one pound and a half a man daily*. Now, *one pound and a half a man daily* amounts to *forty-three millions, ſixty-eight thouſand pounds weight in the year*.

More than this,—We had, before the return of *theſe eight thouſand men*, no leſs a liſt of priſoners in this country than *twenty-ſix thouſand*. Now, *one pound and a half a man daily* amounts, for the maintenance of that liſt, to *one hundred forty-one million, ſix thouſand pounds weight in the year*.

Theſe two very trifling and partial inſtances of annual diminution of our *wheat ſtock* will ſerve to put a rational mind upon the alarm at all unneceſſary inroads on that *fund of food*; and that alarm once happily excited, will ſtimulate

every

every conſiderate and patriotic Briton conſcientiouſly to diſcountenance all ſuperfluous waſte.

The very manufacturers of our daily bread, the bakers themſelves, at leaſt the ingenuous part of that fraternity, voluntarily bear teſtimony to the immenſe difference and diminution of conſumption ſince the diſuſe of *new bread*. If what is ſtiled the *Stale Bread Act*, then, has effected ſo ſurpriſing a reduction in favour of our *national wheat ſtock*, ſo far beyond even beyond the moſt ſanguine expectations of the judicious framers of that ſalutary regulation, what might we not flatter ourſelves with from a timely, a rigid, a conſcientious allowance in the family diſtribution of this important article of life and food.

The levity with which projected retrenchments of this ſort are too commonly treated (were not the ſubject itſelf ſerious and ſolemn in its nature) would merit nothing above ridicule and ſatire: but it muſt, however, be admitted, that ſuch levity is principally confined to characters of no very nice diſcernment, and often of no very moral ſentiment or principle. It is not the eaſieſt thing in the world to convince

vince ſome people in it, that for the community to be happy they muſt be virtuous; and that, to make that community virtuous and reſpectable, the individuals compoſing it muſt be, outwardly and to appearance at leaſt, not immoral, but really and intrinſically conſiderate.

It has been my unpleaſant lot once or twice to be under the difficulty of urging this neceſſity of *Moderation* in companies not the moſt ſuſceptible of deep reflection, nor influenced by any animated principles of patriotic benevolence. In one lately, a gay gentleman, of moſt ſagacious intellect, and undauntedly devoid of all apprehenſion, having recently been in a ſtage coach a long journey of near forty miles, proteſted that he diſcovered no appearance of want in his travels, and that he *ſhould eat bread while bread was to be had*, as he believed it was all a humbug, and that it was only a raſcally combination and monopoly. A lady, a very accurate reaſoner upon *puckered ſleeves* and *Suworow bonnets*, joined him in his determination: and another female roundly obſerved, that *eat bread or not eat bread, it was all one*; deciding the circumſtance with as incontrovertible a peremptorineſs as the Hiberno-American Senator, who

declared in Congreſs, upon a propoſal to offer a high reward for killing the deſtructive blackbirds of that country by the thouſand, that "*let them kill ever ſo many thouſands, there would be never a blackbird the leſs.*"

I ought not, however, to bear hard on the unqualified poſitiveneſs of this lady logician, as I diſcovered ſtrong marks of candour in her converſation afterwards, when ſhe unreſervedly confeſſed that ſhe did not know that *hay was made from graſs.*

Not, however, to deviate too far from our path, it remains to recur to our original calculation before we diſmiſs this article.—Having numerically ſtated the amount of yearly conſumption from daily allowance, it may not be amiſs to eſtimate the annual *ſaving* in the *Metropolis*, taking as the ſtandard of recommended *Moderation* the diminutive expenditure of my Lilliputian cabin. By ſuch an eſtimate we ſhall be ſure to be far within and under the true computation: and, indeed, it is only that I may uſe my argument with unimpeachable fairneſs, and that it may be as unanſwerable as it is benevolent, that I obtrude upon your time

and

and conſideration either ſo unimportant an example as myſelf, or the regulations of a houſe of ſo inconſequential a deſcription.

The number of houſes in this now extravagantly extended Capital of the Britiſh Dominions was, in the year 1775, eſtimated (and that eſtimate was received without oppoſition) at *one hundred and fifty thouſand*.

I have juſt reaſon, in addition to that calculation, to add *fifty thouſand more*, that have been built within the remaining quarter of the century.

Let us, then, if you pleaſe, multiply this groſs ſurvey of *two hundred thouſand* by *one and a half*; the reſult gives us, for the *Capital only*, 300,000 quartern loaves weekly. Multiply now 300,000 by (weeks) 52, you have 15,000,000 quartern loaves yearly. I ſhall not ſtop an honeſt clear-headed Engliſhman, or Engliſhwoman, one moment, to paint the importance of ſo *capital a ſaving*; nor ſhall I carry my obſervations into county, or city, or town, or village calculation.

Every true patriot will œconomiſe by practice, and ſpare by example all ſuperfluous waſte. He will, not only by his precedent at the head of his table, but by ſage and ſtrict exhortation, reaſon all his inmates, dependants, ſervants, and children, into (not a cold and reluctant,) but a zealous and prompt exertion of ſimilar prudence, announcing to his family *(loaf in hand)* that every ounce *ſpared* is a part *ſaved* of the aforeſaid annual *fifteen millions*.

FRANCE.

This little Pamphlet is not political:—it is excluſively œconomical.

The writer ſtates nothing upon *hearſay*. He ſpeaks from knowing that once happy country (more particularly its ſouthern diſtricts) intimately, and by reſidence.

It has been ſaid that the harveſt of France laſt year was a good one: be it ſo. But it has been added, that *France has an abundance of corn, and to ſpare!*

If

If this be the caſe, the perſon who now ſolicits your attention has true cauſe for ſurprize; for if ſhe has now, in times of ~~war~~ conſumption and war expence, this ſtated ſuperabundance, ſhe is certainly very much obliged, in one ſenſe, to her diſtreſſes and diſtractions, as ſhe was very frequently on the *qui vive* of alarm for *bread* in her paſt years of peace and tranquillity; and, if I could admit the ſtatement, I ſhould alſo admit that ſhe exhibits the wonderful phenomenon of a country better cultivated by her ſons being ſoldiers at their firelocks than peaſants at their ploughs, and that *thirty thouſand hungry Spaniards* are neceſſary and uſeful to help off the exceſs of her miraculous harveſt.

To thoſe who have ſojourned in France this fact will flaſh conviction; to thoſe who have not ſeen her crops and her conſumption this account may be an inducement to enquiry; and, upon inveſtigation, they will diſcover that the bold aſſertion of ſuch unexiſting ſuperabundance might as well have gone a ſtep farther, and maintained that the provinces of the Republic grow prolific crops of crown pieces to pay her numerous battalions. Againſt the fertility of many parts of that delightful land it is

not

not the deſign of this ſketch to advance any idea of doubt, or an expreſſion of denial.

HORSES.

Horſekeepers of every denomination! to your conſideration this addreſs is very particularly ſubmitted. To the remoter parts of the kingdom, however, it is more eſpecially applicable. To conſiderate men it is unneceſſary to inſiſt that a *ſparing* of one kind of *grain* muſt alleviate the conſumption of the *bread ſtock*, more unqueſtionably ſo in thoſe counties where the uſe of *oaten cake* is the cuſtomary and grateful food of the inhabitants. Undeniably, beaſt as well as man demands a nutriment proportioned to the labour of his life; but the horſe, who ſhares man's daily occupations and operations on the journey and in the field, muſt alſo, in the preſent exigency, ſhare the merit of contributing by his *Moderation* to the national *Salvation*. While his conſiderate maſter abſtains from the free indulgence of a more plentiful year in his *wheaten loaf*, the valuable quadruped ſervant muſt relinquiſh a portion of his *hard grain*, and ſubmit to a temporary courſe of

graſs,

graſs, whether *green* or *ſtacked*. Intelligent horſe-feeders will readily ſuggeſt, and œconomical ones will ſcrupulouſly ſubſtitute various articles of *keeping* in the place of *oats*. The writer of theſe remarks only begs leave to obſerve, that he was once acquainted with a moſt meritorious character, who proved, in one of the firſt corn counties of the Iſland, how poſſible it was to ſupport horſes, and that for hard work, *without any grain at all*. He was a medical man in eminent practice: and both in that practice, and extra-profeſſionally, thought any day of his life loſt in which he could not be ſo happy as to do ſome act of benevolence towards his fellow-creatures. He clearly demonſtrated the eaſe and ſafety with which horſes may be kept, and properly kept, ſolely on herbaceous diet; for his horſes performed daily and laborious ſervices, in harneſs and ſaddle, entirely upon *lucerne* and other graſs in ſummer, and on hay and *carrots* in winter.

PIGS AND POULTRY.

The Legiſlature has reſolved not to ſtop the diſtilleries of England.

Swine

Swine being fed from the grains of theſe offices, and animal food being an aid to the *bread ſtock*, it is only to be remembered, that the true mode of effectually œconomiſing the *prime grain* will be to confine the *hog's food* to *grains* and *refuſe merely*, except in the latter part of his *keeping*, when *grain* of *ſome* ſort may be requiſite to give him ſufficient carcaſe for the butcher, and a firm ſolidity for the table; and, as the diſtillers have pledged themſelves to uſe for their purpoſes the *damaged corn only* (of which to our concern the laſt harveſt produced a lamentable quantity), ſo alſo may the *ſwine trough* be fully ſupplied with *damaged materials*.

Poultry will ſubſiſt, and even fatten on *potatoes*; and animal offal from the ſlaughter-houſes, properly prepared by cleanſing and parboiling, will, in a minced ſtate, well ſupport turkies and chickens; although poſſibly ducks, and more probably geeſe, would not thrive much on ſuch a diet. There is, however, one way to obviate the difficulty of maintaining theſe feathered delicacies of our table, at once compendious and œconomical; which is, whenever they eat too much of the food wanted for other animals, to arreſt their voracity by *eating the eaters*; and, however we may reduce the ſtock,

we

we ſhall thereby *ſpare the grain* (the grand object of management juſt at this moment): and it is a race that will, under ſkilful regulations, renew itſelf with aſſiduous and marvellous rapidity.

DOGS.

A noble, generous, honourable race! Even the moment of *ſcarcity* ſhould not wreſt from the pen of humanity a ſentence that might depreciate the companionable virtues of *Dog, the friend of Man.*

The pampered lap-favourite of the carpet and drawing-room, however, it is to be deplored, too often gormandizes the viands that might appeaſe the clamorous cravings of human hunger! Let the fair proprietors of theſe canine darlings not diſdain to be informed, that a potatoe is a very ſweet and delicate diet for their four-footed adherents. While

"Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock,"

Forbid it every *Sylph and Gnome*, that the cuſhioned watch-dog of any modern Belinda's bed-room

ſhould be fed on bullock's liver or horſe fleſh! To the robuſter rangers of the field and foreſt, and to the precincts of the kennel, be appropriated thoſe groſſer aliments, more ſuited to the paunches and the purſuits of the vigorous pack!

What has been ſaid about the dogs will alſo ſerve for the cats. It is hoped that the meritorious, though unmatronly phalanx of mature ſpinſters, who particularly patroniſe the grimalkin tribe, will reſtrain their protegés to a diet as little farinaceous as poſſible.

PRUSSIA AND THE BALTIC.

When the Elbe ſhall be thawed, and the Baltic cleared of its ice, there is but little doubt of our having an increaſe to our *wheat ſtock*. Reports have been ſtarted of a probability that the king of Pruſſia may prohibit the exportation of corn from his dominions: but on what ground ſuch a ſuppoſition reſts it would be difficult to conjecture. Upon paſt precedent it cannot be alleged, as Pruſſia, like

other

other countries, has always hitherto exported and ſold its produce, appropriating wiſely to the purpoſes of commerce ſuch a ſtock as remained after retaining enough for home conſumption.

On the failure of her *harveſt* it cannot be maintained; becauſe they who have predicted that we ſhall have no ſupply from the Pruſſian dominions, have previouſly and poſitively pronounced our *Engliſh harveſt* to have been by far the worſt in Europe, and urged that the harveſts of the northern countries were comparatively abundant. It cannot be ſupported on the grounds of that monarch's peremptory neutrality, becauſe if he declines to engage with the muſquetry and artillery of any one country, it is not likely he ſhould be deſirous to combat any other by an aggravation of its neceſſities. He who is neutralized into a deafneſs to the ſound of our arms, will hardly injure us in the gratification of our appetites.

AFRICA.

To thoſe unacquainted with the capricious winds and continually delaying calms of the

Mediterranean it will ever be a ſource of wonder, that voyages from and to *African ports* are made with ſuch uncertainty and tardineſs: but corn from thence muſt come infallibly and ultimately.

Amongſt the other ingenious predictions of prevented importation of grain from Africa, the prophets of calamity laid hold of the *plague* as an unanſwerable argument againſt all expectation of *that* ſupply: but, ſuch an argument carries its antidote with its poiſon; for, if the acute inventors of evil annoy us with gloomy menaces of aggravated ſcarcity on the ſcore of African peſtilence and deſtruction, we muſt, in return, extract preſent comfort from diſtant deſolation; and while we compaſſionately deplore the diſaſters of that afflicted region, we muſt diſcover the good that often ariſes to one part of the globe from the evils of another; and we ſhall have to remark that the mortality which ſtopped ſo many mouths there, has indirectly provided a ſupply for as many mouths here. And as to the melancholy forebodings about introducing the *plague* with the *grain*, we muſt counteract the croakings of chagrin by the precautions of quarantine.

NEXT HARVEST.

The late, indeed I may ſay the preſent froſt, that has been ſo trying to the lungs and health of invalids and tender conſtitutions, has been the fortunate arreſt of a too rapid vegetation, which threatened to be fatally injurious to the productions of the garden: in all probability we ſhall have a glorious abundance of all ſpring and ſummer vegetables, which will act as a very powerful preſervative of the *corn ſtock*; and as the froſt has likewiſe dried and tempered the lands, particularly the heavy wheat lands, into a fine working mould, the ſpring ſeeds, in all reaſonable expectation, may be preſumed to produce a plentiful repayment, ſhould Providence graciouſly bleſs us with a different ſeaſon to that which laſt year puniſhed us with ſo grievous, although, perhaps, merited a viſitation.

Let us not, however, forget that the fruits of the enſuing harveſt cannot come into general uſe before the end of October next, an interval of conſumption of eight months!

COM-

COMBINED FLEETS.

Don't be in a hurry; if they will but come out you will have 'em.—

To be ſure their old friends, the *fogs*, have enabled them to *give us the double* once or twice; but, take an old ſailor's (though not a ſeaman's) word for it, you'll have 'em at laſt.—

The heroes of the channel only want to *ſee their eye-brows and to ſinge them*; recollect how your departed and lamented *Howe* was abuſed before the *glorious firſt of June*; *Duncan*, before the never-to-be-forgotten 11th of October, was called an *old woman*, and it was declared he would do nothing with the Dutch.

The illuſtrious *Jarvis*, it was ſaid, might amuſe himſelf at *bo-peep* off Cadiz till he had not a biſcuit left; but, when he cracked the crowns of the *Dons*, he ſtopped the mouths of the *croakers*.

When the Egyptian fleet of France was playing *hide and ſeek*, your incomparable *Nelſon* was purſued by the ſame vulgar calumny: but when

when he gorged them at *Aboukir* with his *Norfolk dumplings*, oh, then! ſquibs and crackers, and long live *Nelſon of the Nile!!!*

One inſtance more, and for the truth of that remote anecdote I pledge myſelf: *Hawke*, after the defeat of *Conflans* off Quiberoon, ſaid to the late gallant Lockhart Roſs, "*Well, Lockhart, what do you think of this?*"—"*Think* (replied the candid honeſt tar); *why, Sir, I think you may now go home and be treated like a gentleman, though, perhaps, you don't know that laſt week you was burnt in effigy.*"

Therefore, don't be in a hurry; if they will but come out, you will have 'em at laſt.

But this pamphlet, I have before ſaid, is not political; neither is it *naval*; and theſe circumſtances would not have been mentioned, only, as the inevitable defeat of the combined fleet will affect their *corn ſtock* and our own: for, when they are beaten and taken, they can cover no *landings of troops*; thus, innumerable military hands may be ſpared from our army to cut our harveſt; and as to the priſoners, we will ſend *them* back, for we will have neither *Dons* nor *devils* ſtay here to *eat bread by the pound and an half a-day.*

SOUP SHOPS.

The cheapeſt meal of mixed animal and vegetable food that a poor man can poſſibly purchaſe is *beef-ſauſages and potatoes.* This is not a random declaration, but proceeds from an accurate enquiry and a poſitive proof.

Beef ſauſages are made by many of the pork-men, and (even at the preſent high price of beef) are uſually ſold at *five-pence a-pound.* Although without bone, and a very wholeſome, ſolid, and nutritive food, theſe ſauſages are much cheaper than other butcher's meat, becauſe they are made from the parts called *clods.* The *clod* is conſidered as an inferior piece, and therefore is ſold at almoſt an offal price; but the cuſtom has more of prejudice than truth, for it is as juicy, as ſalutary, and as palatable as any other part of the beſt.

Now, take a poor man's *cheapeſt meal* on this ſame *clod ſauſage* at the following calculation;

	d.
A pound of beef ſauſages -	5
Half a pound of potatoes -	0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Slice of bread - - - - -	1
Beer - - - - - -	1
	7 $\frac{3}{4}$

Let us then for one moment reflect how very conſiderable a *ſaving* he may make by obtaining a ticket for the *ſoup ſhop*, where he will have for his penny a quart of a compoſition, at once ſtrongly impregnated with the eſſence of animal and vegetable nouriſhment: with the half of this and a ſmall addition of ſolid food, he will undoubtedly have more ſupport, and a more agreeable meal; and where the *ſoup* is the daily diſh amongſt a family of children, it has proved not only a moſt healthy and ſtrengthening diet, but a repaſt moſt welcome and reliſhing.

Thanks and bleſſings to the inventors of the *ſoup* eſtabliſhments! Their names ſhall be ſounded through our ſtreets by the grateful and united voices of old and young!—But it requires time and repetition to reconcile us even to the moſt obvious advantages. The outcry againſt this excellent plan was at firſt furious and general: ſome ſaid it took up too much of their time to fetch it: others complained that their pitchers were continually broken: many called it *penny ſlap bang*, and treated it with ridicule and contempt; all grumbled and taſted, and taſted and grumbled, and, now, *all eat ſoup*. This hu-

mour will be beſt underſtood from the following

FABLE.

Momus laid Jupiter a bet of a flaggon of nectar, that, beſtow whatever benefit he pleaſed upon mortals, they would growl and grumble at firſt, although they might devour the bounty in the end. "*Done*," ſaid the lord mayor of Olympus, "*Let it rain quartern loaves for an hour; and you, Mercury, ſhall deſcend, and ſee how they like the ſhower.*" No ſooner was the order given than it pelted away, and every ſtreet, turnagain, and ſquare, was filled with the *ſtaff of life* ſmoaking hot.

Mercury, having aſſumed the philanthropic exterior of Mr. Moſer, the Weſtminſter police magiſtrate, (a gentleman whoſe ingenious eſſays in the European Magazine had often entertained the rational part of the Olympic Club,) attended to the various critiques of different parties.

Some ſaid it was a ſhame to pour the pitileſs ſtorm on the unhouſed heads of people who were a long way from home; others ſaid that the loaves were ſo hot that they burnt their chops

chops and ſcorched their guts; while ſeveral ſaid they cooled ſo ſoon, and were ſo quickly ſtale, that folks might as well be under the *Stale Bread Act*: not a few were extremely annoyed with the offenſive ſteam of the piping hot wheaten hail-ſtorm, and ſwore it was as bad an air to breathe as the foggy ſtenches of Soho.—All found fault, all grumbled, all ſcrambled, and all blow'd out their jackets with new, hot, ſpungy, foggy quartern loaves:—Up flew Mercury, and Momus won his wager.

With the thouſands who have conſulted the real comforts of the *poor*, by contributing liberally to the *ſoup ſhop*, the writer of theſe remarks will ever congratulate himſelf with true ſatisfaction for having added his humble ſubſcription to ſo ſerviceable an inſtitution. The generous addition of a diſtribution of *potatoes* to the poor that has already taken place at different ſoup houſes, is an inconceivable encreaſe of comfort, and will be an aſtoniſhing relief of the bread conſumption.—It is therefore devoutly to be hoped and prayed, that no ſcandalous impoſitions in the perſons ſupplying the markets with that invaluable article may be practiſed.

GIN SHOPS.

No invention of human ingenuity, no compoſition of chemical celebrity, has more diſciples or more defamers, more votaries or more victims, than this renowned and reprobated, this extolled and execrated, this popular and poiſonous elixir. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, the idle and the laborious, (particularly of the Metropolis,) pay their early and their evening devotions to the magic ſpell of *the gin bottle*; a charm that has the varied virtue to warm the cold hearted, cool the fire of love by quenching its powers, extracting even its precious gold from the miſer's purſe, opening the mouth of the ſilent, and ſilencing the tongue of the talkative.

A *baker* of great veracity, and of whoſe judgment I have a very good opinion, has taught me to draw conſolation from calamity. He has aſſured me, that, at the times when bread has been deareſt, he has been more punctually paid in the poor and populous neighbourhood where he reſides; and that he has always, at the ſame periods, obſerved the people to be in better health and more general ſobriety.

ſobriety. Having applied himſelf to conjecture the cauſe of ſuch an appearance, he is induced to account for it on the following principle: when the loaf was at a low price, the pittance remaining from their earnings, after the bread was bought, was too frequently carried to the *gin ſhop*. The effect was too viſible in their behaviour, their idleneſs, and their rage; but, the bread (however unfortunately) being at a price demanding nearly all their money, no ſupply was left for leſs wholeſome and more pernicious articles. Good thus ariſes out of evil; and ſhould the caſual deprivation of liquid poiſon teach our people, that their conſtitutions, their ſtrength, their tempers, their circumſtances, and their families are the better for the loſs, ſobriety may become habitual, and *life may be ſaid to be gained by the ſcarcity of its greateſt ſupport*.

GENERAL RESULT.

It would be an affront to the underſtanding of any intelligent man to particularize, after what has been ſaid, the individual and circumſtantial methods of *ſaving* intended to be enforced

forced by the *plain facts* of this irregular and deſultory tract. More, much more, the Author could have ſent to the preſs, were his deſign of no deeper purpoſe than to make a book, or to make a name; but general ſervice, not private fame, is his better object. If what he has thus advanced, without method, and upon the ſpur of the occaſion, may tend to ſtimulate a few of his readers to a rigid management of the *all-important loaf*; if that which is too often conſidered only with the ſmile of indifference, may, in an inſtance or two, become the theme of more conſiderate calculation; and if only *half a dozen people* may hereby be induced to recollect that their *quartern loaf* is *one* of the before-mentioned *fifteen millions*; the writer's end will be anſwered, and his ſatisfaction will be complete as to his ambition in the preſent inſtance.

He deſiſts from detailing piecemeal œconomy, looking to the *general ſparingneſs* from the general good ſenſe of the community.

Few are the objects of alarm before us; many are the ſources of conſolation and ſupply; and very ſatisfactory indeed muſt the conviction be to us, that our reſcue from want and embarraſ-

ment

ment reſts more on our own meritorious reflection, and our own manly exertion, than upon foreign aids and fortuitous importations.

Let winds, and waves, and ſtorms, and calms; domeſtic monopoliſts, and foreign neutral powers; the artful machinations of ſly and lurking miſchief; the inſulting attacks of unbridled audacity; the qualified ſubterfuge, or the lie direct; the detractors of your country's worth and glory; and the thundering artillery of Spain and France; let all theſe be combined in one damned league for your undoing; yet, be firm, and conquer all!

Stand to your arms, Britons! Strike home! and *ſpare the quartern loaf!*

One word more, and I have done—*Peace* is in the mouths of many! It is not for this unpolitical pamphlet to deſcant upon that grand political point. But, *there is a peace* which *bread* has much to do with; and it is ſufficient to hint, that if *Moderation is Salvation, Profuſion may produce Confuſion.*

Marſham Street, Weſtminſter,
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L.

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